THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: NO. XII.

" Beside some water's rushy brink,
" With me the muse shall sit and think,
" (At ease recl'n'd in rustic sta e)
" How vain the ardour of the crowd;
" How low, how little are the proud,
" How indigent the great." GRAY.

hen the ſtorms of Winter are over, the genial ſeaſon of Spring re-adorns face of Nature, I love to take a tem- ry leave of the noiſy ſcene of buſtle confuſion, to enjoy the fragrance of a l morning in the uncontaminated at- here of the country. The city is cer- y the proper ſphere for the PHILAN- OPIST; here objects are never wanting cite his commiſeration, and warm his volence: but the emotions of pity or harity, are not thoſe only which are into action by the contemplation of conduct of mankind. There are too occurrences that induce a cynical ſition, and too many ſtrange deviations common propriety that contribute to ſt us with our fellow creatures. When mſtances of this kind are rapidly mul- d, I fly to the ſhades of ſecluſion, to mplate the beauties of Nature in their ſt form, and turn with rapture from a w of the miſeries, or the vices of hu- y, to the glorious exhibition of the un- ted works of the divinity. "Beſide water's ruſhy brink" I can muſe on ſtate of ſociety, or ruminate on the s of my own life. Abſtracted from mmediate cares of exiſtence, the mind well on the checquered ſcenes we paſs gh in this "vale of tears," or riſe to ontemplation of the omnipotence of rchitect of the univerſe. When Fan- erts her powers, it is very eaſy to trace e romantic ſcenery around me, ſimili- of mankind. The rocks that riſe in lic grandeur, preſent in their irregular ities the bold aſſumption of arrogance, or the retiring diffidence of worth; as they ſwell in gigantic forms towards the heavens, or gradually ſink to the level of the ſur- rounding ſoil. In the vine that creeps along the ground, and hides its thorns in the herbage, I behold a ſtriking emblem of the cautious intrigues of the avaricious and de- ſigning; while in the drooping willow of the valley, is ſeen the melancholy depreſ- ſion of neglected worth. Thus even in the wildeſt ſcenes our country affords, ſome idea is ſuggeſted that is intimately con- nected with ſociety, and which if properly purſued, may benefit the individual, if its effects are loſt on mankind in general. It has been ſomewhere remarked that the moſt vain and aſſuming, cannot view the ſtupen- dous works of Nature, and of "Nature's God," without a humiliating ſenſation. Ad- mitting ſuch to be the effect, how often have I wiſhed that ſome of thoſe I have well known among the foremoſt in purſuit of riches, and elated with imaginary con ſequence, would experience the benefit ſuch ſcenes could afford them; that they might be taught their inſignificance in the great ſcale of being, and learn to appreciate their own merits, by a more accurate crite- rion than the dictates of vanity, or the ap- plauſe of their ſycophantic admirers. How often has my philanthropy been ſeverely teſted on obſerving the upſtart poſſeſſor of wealth, whoſe importance was as rapid in its progreſſion, and whoſe origin as con- temptible in its nature, as that of the muſh- room, to which ſuch characters have been aptly compared. Without the politeneſs which is derived from a liberal education, or native dignity of thought, and without that depth of underſtanding which only Heaven can give, he aſſumes the appear- ance of the one, and aims at the reputation of the other. Yet how awkward do the borrowed plumes of the daw ſit on any but the original poſſeſſor! A lame attempt at wit, is adduced as a proof of the legality of his claims to underſtanding, and the undiſ- guiſed contempt evinced for his inferiors in wealth, connected with a cringing ſervility to thoſe who rank higher in the ſcale of affluence, conſtitutes the ſum of his polite- neſs. Illiberal alluſions are miſtaken by him for humour, and the ſmile extorted by his folly, is conſtrued into an expreſſion of admiration. Would to Heaven ſuch cha- racters as this were not too common in ſo- ciety. But where money is the greateſt good—where the ſordid maxim of

" ——————quærenda pecunia primum est
" Virtus post nummos,"——————

is univerſally inculcated, ſuch inſtances muſt, and will abound. Yet ſurely there is a ſufficient number of the diſcerning among the affluent, to recognize ignorance and its concomitant vanity, though diſguiſed from the vulgar by the impenetrable veil of rich- es; that veil that not only diſguiſes vice, but gives to every fault that diſgraces man- kind the form and hue of virtue. Then why will thoſe who have not the excuſe of poverty to plead, aſſociate with the epheme- ra of the day, whom the beams of fortune have drawn from their original obſcurity, countenance their follies by this tacit appro- bation, and patroniſe their ignorance, by thus ſhielding it from expoſure. Alas! the cauſe is but too evident. There is inter- woven in the heart of a man, (and particu- larly of an American,) ſome peculiar chord that eternally vibrates in uniſon with wealth; that wealth which is the grand baſis of reſpectability, and unleſs acquired by means notoriouſly diſhoneſt, enſures the notice and commands the eſteem of all ranks of ſociety. Such are the reflections that ariſe in the buſtle of the City. Such will be my reflections when in ſome ſecluded ſpot favorable to thought and meditation, I recollect

How *low*, how *little* are the proud,
How indigent the great.

W.

For the Evening Fire-side.

When past is the sweltering, long summer's day,
And the coolness of ev'ning succeeds,
How sweet 'tis to stroll where the mild zephyrs play,
How pleasant the woodlands and meads.

...d of the axe and the hammer has ceas'd,
...e sickle and scythe are at rest;
'Tis a season of leisure for man and for beast—
'Tis the season young Colin loves best.

Releas'd from the toils of the day and its cares,
While the twilight still gleams in the sky,
On the wings of impatience he fondly prepares,
To the arms of his Phebe to fly.

In his bosom what tender emotions awake!
How sparkles his eye with delight,
When, rising above the white thorns in the brake,
The cot where she dwells is in sight.

Ah! happy young shepherd, I envy thy joys,
'Mid scenes where simplicity reigns,
While immur'd in the city, its bustle and noise,
I long for the brooks and the plains.

The gewgaws and fashions, and routes and parades,
Where art is so eager to please,
I would gladly exchange for the bowery shades,
When fann'd by the evening breeze.

Thought! bear me away o'er the hills and the dells,
O, waft me across the clear rill,
Let me trudge up the steep, where in loveliness dwells
The maiden of Harmony Hill.

Perhaps at this moment she visits the spot,
Where the woodbines and jessamines blow;
While the freshness of Nature enlivens each thought,
And suffuses her cheek with a glow.

How winning is beauty, when thus 'tis combin'd
With innocence, thoughtless of harm;
But, O, how endearing the heart that is kind,
Affectionate, gentle and warm.

And such is her heart—in her bosom it beats
Divested of envy or ill:
Each grace is her own, she's the sweetest of sweets,
The flower of Harmony Hill.

How gentle the accents that flow'd from her tongue,
How expressive the glance of her eye;
On the notes of her voice I attentively hung,
And my bosom, it heav'd the fond sigh.

Contented she said she could dwell in a cot,
With the lad whom her heart should approve:
Thou fairest of fair ones! how blest were his lot,
Could thy poet persuade thee to love.

No eagles has he in his coffers to shine,
No honours he holds in the state,
His cellar is stow'd not with tierces of wine,
Nor his table is garnish'd with plate.

Though few are his friends, and tho' poor is his purse,
Though oft an unfortunate wight,
He's happily free from that bitterest curse,
A conscience that's wakeful at night.

Guilt wrings not his bosom—but grief has impress'd
On his forehead a wrinkle or two:
Yet he dare not repine who has often been blest,
With enjoyments exceeding his due.

With his head and his hands he can shift for himself,
If blest with a boon from above:
Then why need he long for abundance of pelf?
A little suffices with love.

Admit him, dear maid, to a place in thy heart—
With rapture his destiny fill;
And oft shall thy praise be the theme of his art,
Sweet —— of Harmony hill.

ENNO.

July 28th, 1804.

For the Evening Fire-side.

The beneficial effects of a liberal education on the human character, are so plainly perceived by the wise and enlightened, that to them, it is not a little surprising, how it has experienced so much opposition in the world. Yet this is the mortifying fact,—a pretty general prejudice seems to have been imbibed and cherished, with regard to its moral tendency, by unlettered men. It has often been asserted by such, that education improves the capacity only for imposing upon the world; and that in proportion to the extent of a man's talents and attainments in knowledge, does his depravity increase. They are ready to regard scholars in the light of powerful, but mischievous dæmons; and hence conclude, that seminaries of learning are nuisances, instead of blessings to the community. To combat this prejudice, to rescue learning from this unjust reproach, by shewing its connection with virtue and good morals, is the object of this essay. Learning, or liberal science, is nothing else, than the intellectual powers, enlightened, cultivated, strengthened, and refined. Its tendency is, to develope truth, to strip the veil from imposing errors, to withdraw the attention from the grossness of sensible objects, and to fix it on something more elevated and better suited to the nature of mind.

The subjects which it presents are, in themselves, of such a refined nature—or the investigation of them so occupies the mind in deductions of reason, that there is neither taste, nor time for the dissipations, or the corrupting pursuits of the ignorant and uninformed. It spreads a general urbanity over the mind, and by stripping off the illusions of the imagination from the objects of the passions, it restrains from excess, those powerful movers of mankind: the little, the mean, the unlawful pursuits of low-bred vice have no charms for an enlightened understanding. The examples of illustrious men, which it continually contemplates, together with the powerful arguments to duty, with which it becomes familiar, stimulate to active virtue, and rescues from the apathy of indolence, and from the destructive indulgence of forbidden pleasure.— And is it possible, that learning which naturally leads to produce these advantages, can be unfavourable to virtue. Is it possible that it can have an influence to initiate the soul more ingenuously in the mysteries of vice, and be a prompter to the crimes which disgrace mankind?—I ask these questions is sufficient to suggest their proper answer, and to vindicate the position I have stated. When the stores of ancient and modern learning are opened before the real scholar, he feels the scantiness of his own attainments, when compared with the compass of science, and he sinks into humility:—thus, one of the most orn... mental virtues of man is connected with extensive knowledge. Again, while he contemplates the traces of infinite wisdom, and boundless goodness displayed in the wor... of creation, he is filled with wonder, ad... ration, and praise. "He looks thro... nature, up to nature's God." He takes the most useful lessons from this immense v... ume of instruction. And in examining various phenomena; in exploring the c... ation, from the almost unnoticed ins... that crawls the pathless desert, to the gl... ous orbs of light, which more forcibly p... claim their maker's praise, he is led to h... our the perfections of the Deity, whet... more clearly discovered, or more profou... ly wrapt in adorable concealment. ... inanimate creation, the earth with its ab... dant stores, the kindred planets in their ... der and harmony, the innumerable tribe... animals with their surprizing qualities ... circumstances, all are calculated to imp... the mind of a real searcher after truth w... a sense of the *being*, the *providence*, and ... *glory* of his *Creator*. But especially, w... he investigates the philosophy of man, w... he becomes acquainted with his astonish... and almost boundless faculties, when ... traces his relations, and discerns his obl... tions, when he perceives his duties unfo... ed in the science of morals, when he ... views the history of the race, and when ... is engaged in cultivating the polite a... which are intimately blended with the p... suit of what is elegant and refined, in t... and conduct, all this seems to have a ... dency to impress him powerfully with ... principles of virtue. In his classic stud... the sublime precepts of ancient wisd... and the bright examples of philosop... and heroes cultivating an exalted vir... produces an elevation of mind, that sp... the meanness of vice, and abhors the p... ligate maxims that would reduce man ... brute. Thus whilst the understandin... enlightened in the sciences which educ... cultivates, the choice of the heart may ... ly be supposed to incline to the pursuit

ractice of virtue. The truth is, that real nowledge and true virtue are ſo plainly and aturally connected, by a mutual affinity, at where they appear to be ſeparated, it uſt proceed from ſome foreign cauſe, dif-ent from the nature of either. Some vi-ent, ſome unnatural convulſion muſt have ken place in that mind, where remark-le talents, improved by literature, have en proſtituted to vice and irreligion. But e more general ſolution of the paradox is, at where a reputed ſcholar is attached to cious principles, his talents have been er-rated, his extenſive knowledge is ubtful, and his learning to be ſuſpected. here are indeed examples to be found, e rare exceptions to a general rule, of n remarkable for their powers of mind, d great improvements in ſcience who are voted to vice and who are the patrons of piety :—ſtill, however, we ſhall find, t in all ages the moſt learned men, have n the moſt moral ; and, on the other nd, the moſt profligate, are really ignor-, or mere ſmatterers in ſcience. And in portion to the indulgence of vice does orance overſpread our intellectual and ral faculties, once comparatively bright: educes men to wretched imbecility. This he general rule, although exceptions may quoted on both ſides. The experience all nations and ages, evinces the undoubt-connection between knowledge and vir-, and upon a review of this kind, we ll find, that from the moſt remote anti-y to the preſent day, men the moſt fam-for genius, the moſt devoted to learning, moſt accompliſhed in literature, and the t celebrated for their eloquence, their tings or their actions, have been the t virtuous of their cotemporaries. I t to mention the many great and wiſe recorded in Holy Writ—men who are qualled in taſte and compoſition—men, o were unrivalled among the legiſlators generals of antiquity—men, who were minent for the ſcience of the times in ch they lived, as for their piety and vir-

we examine the Heathen world, ugh the real knowledge of religion was rwhelmed under the thickeſt clouds of kneſs, yet we ſhall find that thoſe whoſe es have been handed down to poſterity oets, Philoſophers and Stateſmen, have elled in virtue and a regard for the De-

we come down to more modern times, ſhall perceive, that the men of profound arch, of enlarged minds, and of real dition, have been lovers of virtue. Who were the reſtorers of learning to the world after a dreary night of ages, in which ſuperſtitious ignorance held its reign ? Were they not thoſe pious reformers who chaſed away the darkneſs of a 1000 years, and deſtroyed the monſtrous maſs of Popiſh ſuperſtition ? Who does not know that the moſt learned Philologiſts, Mathematicians and Philoſophers of the two laſt centuries, were as remarkable for their attachment to virtuous principles as for the purity of their manners ? Do we not know that Bacon, and Boyle, and Locke, and Newton, and Addiſon, and Johnſon, with a train of philoſophers in the other nations of Europe, by their great diſcoveries in ſcience, were led to the moſt profound admiration of the Deity ? Theſe great men were devout men ; they were examples of probity and goodneſs : every thing wiſe, and great, and noble, is produced by an inviolable union between knowledge and virtue, ſuch as they poſſeſſed. This befits a rational, an immortal mind. This is the glory of a ſpirit that emanated from the Deity, the fountain of light and goodneſs : this refines the heart, exalts the character, and enlarges the ſphere of uſefulneſs. Wherefore, let us inviolably maintain the connection between real knowledge and true virtue—let us oppoſe with deteſtation and horror theſe deſtructive principles, which, under the veil of a ſuperficial philoſophy, deſtroys true ſcience, overturns every principle of morality, burſts the bands of ſocial order, and delivers mankind over to hideous deſtruction. Let us, whilſt we cultivate univerſal ſcience, at the ſame time, carefully cheriſh an elevated virtue, its fair aſſociate. Here let us reſt our weary reſearches after happineſs—here let us fix its firm foundations, and ever cheriſh the belief that neither perſonal nor ſocial diſparity or enjoyment can exiſt, without the light of ſcience, conducting to a virtuous morality which will caſt a ſplendid glory round our character through life.

S.

For the Evening Fire-side.

That the Deity has ſecond means to work his own purpoſes, is a poſition that has never been denied ; and if the DREAMER had aſſerted nothing further, his *peaceable* diſpoſition would never have been alarmed by the fear of a "fiſh-market debate," as no attempt has been made to contradict this truth, but to expoſe a ſentiment which is adverſe to the very nature of Chriſtianity, and contradicted by innumerable well authenticated facts.

As the DREAMER ſeems offended at a Scripture quotation, I will adduce other teſtimony, of more modern date ; though I cannot agree with him that it is "unfair" for a chriſtian to quote thoſe writings, which have been univerſally acknowledged as authentic by the chriſtian world. Would it be *unfair* for one who had adopted the Newtonian ſyſtem of Aſtronomy to quote a ſentiment from the writings of Newton in ſupport of any hypotheſis ? Surely not. Nevertheleſs I am willing to take him on his own ground ; and have no doubt that more recent events will completely overturn his boaſted Philoſophy.

I would therefore call the attention of my readers to that remarkable occurrence to which I alluded in my firſt eſſay ; a particular account of which has ſince been publiſhed in the Evening Fire-ſide, Vol. 2d, No. 16, page 125. This is the caſe of Lord Lyttleton, whoſe ſingular death, and the "circumſtances attending" it, excited much attention in England at the time when they occurred ; for "theſe things were not done in a corner." They are notorious facts, ſingularly well atteſted ; the moſt doubtful of which were ſubſtantiated by the ſequel. It is well known, that Lyttleton was a man of talents, yet he was an avowed infidel, a libertine in practice, of diſſolute life and depraved morals ; a ſad proof, that with the greateſt abilities, a man may be a fool. He had adopted the ſentiment, that "the mind is only acquired through the medium of the ſenſes," and pretending to think that his dream or viſion, was only the effect of "ſome partial excitement in the brain ;" preſumptuouſly exclaimed, about three hours before his death, "We'll jockey the Ghoſt I'll warrant you." The awful event evinced his error.

"The mind, ſays the DREAMER, is altogether acquired through the medium of the ſenſes, and by no other means. The Deity endowed our bodies with the capacities of acquiring ideas, but left the actual acquiſition of them to ourſelves." I ſeriouſly believe the Deity has not left us ſo much to ourſelves, as the DREAMER ſuppoſes. I believe in conformity to the chriſtian faith, that a more exalted, a more perfect ſource of intelligence is opened to the human mind, than that which any of the corporeal ſenſes afford ; and I can with confidence appeal to thouſands of my fellow-citizens for the truth of this ſentiment ; men who are far removed from the dominion of *ſuperſtition*, and whoſe greateſt *enthuſiaſm* is ſeen in promoting the felicity of their fellow-creatures.

If the DREAMER has "never detected an idea," never felt an impreſſion which was not the product of an "external cauſe," his mind has, I confeſs, been endowed with ſingular obduracy; a ſtate by no means enviable. I have no doubt that he is "ſorry to ſee the ſublime ſubject of Revelation *lugged* in (as he is pleaſed to expreſs himſelf) as an argument on the preſent occaſion," for it is the very argument that overturns his *viſionary* hypotheſis. It is a ſubject, he confeſſes, he does not underſtand; his weakneſs in the cauſe he has eſpouſed, will therefore be excuſed, and his ignorance will be ſome apology for him, where he is ſo bold as to inſinuate, that, this important ſource of our ſecurity in virtue, of our conſolation in afflictions, our peace in life, and our hope in death, is *uſeleſs*, *ſuperſtitious*, and *irrational*.

Sincerely wiſhing him a better mind, I bid him a friendly farewell.

EVANGELICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

In peruſing the 17th number of your inſtructive paper, my attention was ſo greatly taken when I came to ANTI-PHISICO-MATHEMATICUS' enigmatical queſtion, that, I believe, I read no more at that time, but immediately ſet my intellectual faculties to work to ſee what I could make of it. But I had not ſtudied at it long, ere I concluded it was inſolvable, and gave it over; and waited with impatience for the next number, hoping to find it ſolved (if ſuch a thing could be) by ſome of your learned correſpondents; but, when the paper came to hand, behold, I found nothing in it concerning the queſtion, except, a burleſque written by a nameleſs author (unleſs he meant Ne ſutor ultra crepidam, for his name, for my part I do not underſtand latin) who, I preſume, was not able to ſolve it; yet, being unwilling to paſs over it in ſilence; for the want of better language, ſat to ridiculing the author, whom I take to be a wiſer man than himſelf.

After being thus diſappointed in my expectation of finding the queſtion ſolved in the 18th number, I took it into conſideration anew and I ſhall now undertake to ſolve it. If we take it in one ſenſe, it appears that the gooſe would never overtake the frog; but that is contrary to fact; for if we ſuppoſe the gooſe placed at the twenty mile ſtone, the frog at the ten mile ſtone, and both ſtart at the ſame time to run to the city; I find the gooſe will get thither eight hours before the frog. Of courſe ſhe muſt overtake him and go by him. And if we conſider the velocity with which the minute and hour hands of a watch move, we will find we may draw a good compariſon from them. Let us conſider the hour hand, at 12 o'clock to be one revolution before the minute hand. While the minute hand goes this revolution, the hour hand will go $\frac{1}{12}$ of a revolution, and while the minute hand goes that $\frac{1}{12}$ the hour hand will go $\frac{1}{12}$ of that $\frac{1}{12}$ and ſo on ad-infinitum. Yet we ſee the minute hand overtakes the hour hand; and to find the time it does it, we ſay as 11 .. 12 : : 1 to the time it will be when the minute hand overtakes the hour hand. Becauſe the minute hand gains $\frac{11}{12}$ of the diſtance it runs.

Now to find how far the gooſe would have to run to overtake the frog, I ſay, as $9m$ .. $10m$: : $1m$. to the diſtance the frog would run, which is $1\frac{1}{9}$ mile to which add ten miles and we have the diſtance the gooſe would run $11\frac{1}{9}$ miles or 11 miles 35 perches 3 yards 2 inches.

GALLIO LUSSIMDAW.

Selected for the Evening Fire side.

Biography of Philip Barratier.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

About this time, the late king of Pruſſia ſent Mr. Baratier, the father, a call to the French church at Stetin in Pomerania. He was determined to accept it, chiefly, as it might afford him an opportunity for procuring his ſon ſome additional helps in his ſtudies. The family began their journey about the middle of Feb. 1735, Mr. Baratier taking the route of Jena, Leipzig, and Hall, that he might let his pupil ſee theſe univerſities. They reached the laſt named place on the 6th of March, where young Baratier found his reputation had got before him. M. Schulze, a celebrated profeſſor of phyſic, eloquence, and antiquities, who had ſeen him in Franconia during his infancy, paid him him a viſit as ſoon as he heard of his arrival, and the next day preſented him to M. Ludewig, chancellor of the univerſity. This illuſtrious philoſopher, after a ſhort converſation with him, offered him the degree of maſter of arts, if he inclined to accept it. Young M. Baratier, who had never frequented ſchool or academy, and conſequently was a ſtranger to degrees, diſputes, and other academical exerciſes, received the propoſal with great indifference, and even treated it as a banter. But after ſome explanations he was perſuaded to embrace the favour on the next day March 8, he was preſented to the philoſophical faculty, who, after examination, admitted him to a public diſputation. Immediately, on the ſame evening, in the preſence of ſeveral profeſſors, he drew up theſes on different ſubjects in critical learning, philology, and philoſophy, in which aſtronomy was not forgotten. Theſe were printed the ſame night, and defended by him the next day, for three hours together, in the public hall of the univerſity, where Mr. de Ludewig preſided, and at which appeared a crowded audience of the ſtudents, and other perſons of all ranks. The reſpondent during the whole time diſcovered ſuch courage and preſence of mind, that the preſident had no occaſion to interpoſe in his favour: After ſuch authentic proofs of his capacity, he was ſolemnly admitted maſter of arts, with univerſal applauſe, March 1735. After this great honour conferred upon his ſon, Mr. Baratier continued but one day at Hall, and then purſued his journey to Berlin, where he arrived with his family, March 14. The next day his majeſty called for young Baratier. His appearance and converſation were ſo agreeable to this great prince, that he almoſt every day ſent for him during the 5 or 6 weeks that he continued at Berlin and Potſdam. Sometimes he was ordered into the royal preſence ſeveral times in one day, and to converſe either with his majeſty in perſon, or with the courtiers, or men of letters who attend the king's levee. He had the honour to receive particular marks of bounty from both their majeſties. Beſides a preſent he received in money from the queen, her majeſty enriched him with ſeveral volumes of mathematics and philoſophy, handſomely bound, and ſuch as he himſelf made choice of; graciouſly offering to furniſh him with any others he deſired. His royal highneſs the prince, and the reſt of the royal family, ſhewed the generoſity to him. At this time the queen had his picture drawn at full length, by Mr. Peſne, painter to the king, and placed it at Monbijou, a pleaſure houſe of her majeſty's, in one of the ſuburbs of Berlin, amongſt thoſe of the celebrated men, which ſhe has collected with great care and expenſe. The Royal Academy at Berlin, received him into its body. Mr. Baratier and his family returned to Hall, April 28, 17[illegible]. Our young maſter of arts at his arrival would make uſe of his privilege, and open public lectures. His father not being able to diſſuade him, and foreſeeing it was a fancy of his own which would ſoon go off,

him take his own way. He delivered lectures on 3 ſubjects; the firſt philological, on the book of Job; the 2d on aſtronomy; and the 3d on the ancient eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. He had not continued this office a fortnight, when (as his father had predicted) he grew diſguſted with it to that degree, that he quitted for ever the profeſſion of teaching. For 4 years he cloſely attended the colleges of the 4 principal profeſſors in this faculty, the chancellor and privy counſellor Ludewig, and the counſellors Meſſrs. Boehmer, Heinek, and Gaſter; whoſe lectures he heard on all branches of the law, civil and canon, common and feodal. Though this was not his favourite ſtudy, yet in time he began to like it, eſpecially the common law. All the time, which his attendance on the law lectures ſpared him, he devoted to other ſtudies. The firſt year of his reſidence at Hall was taken up with natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, and the mathematics. He read over moſt of the books ancient and modern, which treat of theſe ſciences. He wrote ſeveral eſſays and diſſertations; he made alſo ſome aſtronomical remarks, and prodigious calculations. After this he returned to the ſtudy of antiquity and eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, in which he had a great deal, and made laborious researches, to qualify himſelf for the completing his intended *Hiſtory of the hereſies of the Antitrinitarians*, which he had began at Schwobach. Theſe inquiries occaſioned new collections, obſervations, and eſſays, ſome of which have been inſerted in the *Bibliotheca Germanica*. This in time produced his laſt work, on the ſucceſſion of the biſhops of Rome, which appeared, 1740. Shortly after this, he applied himſelf to the law of nations, and to ancient and modern hiſtory. He peruſed on theſe ſubjects all the original writers and authors of note he could meet with. On this occaſion he attempted to write *The hiſtory of the war of* 30 *years in Germany*, as a proof of his extraordinary knowledge in the law of nations. All this while he was indefatigable in the ſtudies of the belles lettres, reviewing the ancient Greek and Latin authors he had formerly read, and adding to his ſtore ſuch as he had not, poets, orators, philoſophers, hiſtorians, critics, and travellers. Not contented with theſe, he eagerly devoured all the hiſtorical books he could find amongſt his acquaintance, or the bookſellers at Hall, whether in French, German, Engliſh, Italian, or Low Dutch, and even Arabic. Towards the cloſe of his life, he had acquired ſuch a taſte of medals, inſcriptions, and antiquities, not only thoſe of Greece and Rome, but even of India and China, that he read all he could get relating to them, and laid in a conſiderable ſtock of this kind of knowledge. Metaphyſical inquiries and experimental philoſophy, as occaſion offered, intervened between theſe different ſtudies. At the end of the year, 1737, he reſumed his project with reſpect to the longitude, or rather formed a new one, founded on the declination and inclination of the magnetic needle, propoſing for this end a compaſs of his own invention. The laſt work that employed him, near the cloſe of his life, and for which he had gathered large materials from a great number of books, was, *Inquiries concerning the Egyptian antiquities*. The ſhades of death were now about to eclipſe this riſing luminary of knowledge, and leave us only the ſad remembrance of its luſtre. Young Mr. Baratier had from his infancy, been of a weak and delicate conſtitution, joined to a lively diſpoſition of mind. At length, having ſuffered his illneſs with exemplary patience and reſignation, being ſupported from his bed to the table, and from table to bed, ſtill preſerving his mind calm and lively, though he could ſcarcely ſpeak, his laſt moment arrived unexpectedly, on Wedneſday, October 5, 1740, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of 19 years, 8 months and 16 days. He expected and prepared for death like a true Chriſtian hero and philoſopher. Trouble and emotion had no acceſs to his heart. He bore his pains and griefs modeſtly, and without breaking out into violent complaints. He never ſeemed much wedded to the preſent world. Even from his infancy he ſpoke of death ſo unconcernedly, that he ſeemed to think it equal with life. He could not bear muſic, at leaſt near hand, ſaying it either ſtunned him, tired him, or made him ſleepy. For this reaſon he avoided all companies where it was encouraged. He had himſelf no voice, or inclination for ſinging. But he was on the other hand a great admirer of poetry. His uſual food was ſoup, or boiled milk with bohea tea, bread and butter, fruits, biſcuits, or ſweet meats. He ſeldom in a week eat as much as other young people of his age do in a day or two. He drank neither beer, coffee, nor chocolate, and took his wine mixed, the greater part water, very ſeldom pure, or at leaſt only a glaſs or two. He could not endure ſpirituous liquors, nor tobacco, either in ſnuff or ſmoaking. With ſuch a conſtitution it is eaſy to judge, how little value he ſet on high living, and how great his averſion was to all manner of gluttony and exceſs. He was never known to indulge himſelf this way; nor was he ever known to lie. He publiſhed 11 different pieces, and left 26 manuſcripts on various ſubjects, the contents of which, with further particulars of this extraordinary youth, the reader may ſee in his life, wrote by Mr. Formey, profeſſor of philoſophy at Berlin, to whom I am indebted for the foregoing particulars.

From the Literary Magazine.

PETER POETASTER'S
Notification Recommendatory
of the article AMERICAN LETTERS in
THE BOSTON REVIEW.

Mr. Editor,

In the Monthly Anthology [a word from the Greek, ſignifying *to gather flowers*] and Boſton Review, for February laſt, there is an account of *The American Letters*, lately publiſhed, by a Native of Pennſylvania; which diſplays ſuch *unuſual* talents for *ſelecting the beautiful*, and breathes a ſpirit ſo *patriotic*, in a vein of ſuch accurate, and candid criticiſm, that I have been induced to undertake the friendly taſk of comparing, *for the benefit of your Readers*, the Boſton Critic, with the Pennſylvanian Touriſt.—The Man of taſte will be ſurpriſed to find how *exactly* the opinions of the Anthologiſt will coincide with his own.

The Reviewer begins his remarks with a truth that no one can diſpute, who is *at all* acquainted with the ſtate of American Literature, namely, that "no book was ever leſs wanted than the Pennſylvanian's;" and he juſtly complains, that "his track is ſo faint" [that is, that he ſays ſo little about himſelf, and the uſual *perſonalities* of where *he* lodged, and what Great Man *he* dined with] "that we are half the time out of ſight of our guide."

The perpetual "Columbianiſms," or references to American hiſtory, American manners, and American ſcenery, with which the work abounds (under the idle apprehenſion that ſuch trite alluſions could be agreeable to an *American* Reader, or, indeed, to any Reader whatever) are reprobated with deſerved ſeverity. Such (for inſtance) as where "the Pennſylvanian" calls the Black Foreſt,

'the impenetrable retreat of German Barbarians, in the days of all-conquering Rome, as are now the Back-Woods of America, to the copper-coloured Race, whom we, in our turn, call Indian Savages.'

Where he mentions the jealous watchfulneſs with which the Swiſs Republics guarded

their political inſtitutions from the intervention of Foreigners; and takes occaſion to remark that

'In America the love of equal freedom has carried the liberal Framers of our Constitutions to an opposite extreme. The rapid influx of *Foreigners* (says he) admitted almost without restriction to every privilege of Citizenship, may imperceptibly *alienate* the Public Councils, as well as the National manners of our peaceful Country.'

And where he declares that a true ſon of Columbia will return from Foreign Countries,

'no longer apprehensive of serious injury to the State from Fellow-Citizens of either Party, who alike administer its Government, under the check of election, and the pledge of responsibility: though he may lament that a change in the Presidency must displace the Servants of the Public, through every grade of Administration; and that the test of eligibility, with the People themselves, is not so much those old-fashioned qualifications, plain-sense and inflexible integrity, as the eloquence of a Barrister, or the zeal of a Partizan. For my own part (exclaims our Author) at that amalgamating distance, I could see but one spot in my beloved country—It is a dark one—but time and principle are wearing it out.—I trust in God the Advocates for European Despotism will not much longer be allowed to say, "Nothing is hereditary—but *Slavery*—in the American Republic.'

Enough of theſe "Columbianiſms."—Yet they are ſo natural to a Weſtern Traveller, that it is difficult, perhaps, for a *Native* American to avoid them—however deſirable it may be.

"The Cathedral of Berne," ſays the learned Critic (without citing his authority) "is the moſt impoſing and ſolemn Gothic pile in Europe." Again (with equal accuracy and elegance,) "The next objects of grandeur in Switzerland to the Alps ſurround the Lake of the Four Cantons. Mr. S. has paſſed this Lake, and paſſed it *without obſervation*. Its borders are the extent of the ſublimeſt ſcenery."

Mr. S. (it is true) only mentions this ſame Lake of the Four Cantons in *three* different places; *one* of which I ſhould quote, if it were not rather *long* for my purpoſe*.

"Of the political changes and oppreſſions," ſays the clear-ſighted Anthologiſt, or *Gatherer of the flowers of Literature*, "of old ſtates of Milan, Lodi, *Parma*, Modena, Bologna, he ſays *nothing*."

And it muſt be allowed to be ſtrictly true, that *nothing at all* tranſpires upon that head, from the ſuperficial Writer of The American Letters, but ſuch obſcure hints as the following; from which it is plain, that *no political* ideas can *poſſibly* be collected—even by optics *more* capable of ſeeing through a mill-ſtone than thoſe of the penetrating Anthologiſt.

* See Vol. I. pp. 66 to 71 inclusive.

'The Duke of Parma is suffered to preserve his dominions, whilst all around him crouches under the ascendancy of France; under favour of his affinity to the crown of Spain—the tributary ally of *la grande Nation*. The connection is of a degree of consanguinity, common in the Royal Families of spain and Portugal; though forbidden by the canons of the Church. If I mistake not, the mixed relationship (for I have never studied the genealogy of Princes—lineal, or collateral, with profound attention) the present king married the sister of the present duke; and the duke's son—now, *by the grace of Bonaparte*, king of Etruria, married the king'sdaughter. This is now the only part of Italy, north of the Appennines, that wears its old political face—powdered with Princes, and patched with Priests. Near the town we met four monks—big and burly, taking the air in the duke's coach; and the sentinels, who demanded our passports at the gate, were dressed in white (the Bourbon uniform) and wore their hair in clubs and powder, instead of the *sans-culotte* crop.'

"How cold and ſtupid muſt he be," ſays the Boſton Reviewer, and Monthly Anthologiſt, or *Gatherer of the flowers of Literature* (I love to give the whole name, as the Vicar uſed to ſay, when ſpeaking of Miſs Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia—Skeggs†)—"How cold and ſtupid muſt he be, who has gazed on the figures of Day and Night, and of morning and evening Twilight [at Florence] not to mention *more* than their *mere* names and place! *Who* could view theſe (exclaims the indignant Critic—kindling into wrath) without beholding the ſplendour of Day, breaking from a body of marble? or without feeling his whole ſoul overſhadowed with the thick and impenetrable darkneſs of Night? Or *who* (continues the *clear-ſighted* Anthologiſt) would not perceive his ſight was dimmed, and that light was myſteriouſly ſtealing away from every ſurrounding object, in the effect of the figures of Twilight? Theſe are the powers of a genius ſo bright, ſo myſterious, and ſo—dark, as that of Michael Angelo!"

Have patience, gentle Reader, and thou ſhalt hear how the effect of theſe impreſſive objects has been *diſſipated* by the "cold and ſtupid genius of "The Pennſylvanian" Touriſt.

'Behind the high altar of the Church of San Lorenzo, is the costly Mausoleum of the Medicean Princes, which remained unfinished, when the aspiring Family became extinct. It is an octagon of fifty feet diameter, crowned with a dome; the walls of which are lined with Sicilian jasper, and richly inlaid with precious stones. Upon six of its sides are marble sarcophaguses, designed by the prolific genius of Michael Angelo, two of which are surmounted by Regal crowns placed upon cushions of red jasper, and studded with transparent gems. Near it is the *Capella de Principi*—a secluded chapel, designed by the same creative pencil, and filled by the same various hand, with the tombs of Guiliano duke of Nemours, and brother of Leo X. and Lorenzo duke of Urbino, on the right and left of the altar.—Each of them exhibits its princely Occupant, in complete armour, sitting, within a niche, behind his tomb; the former accompanied by recumbent figures of Day and Night; the latter by Day-Break and Twilight—ideas happily emblematic of monumental fame, in which—as in the parish register,

——to be born and die
Of Rich and Poor makes all the history.'

"In his letter on Florence," ſays this *admirable Critic*, (who appears to have taken the *length* and *breadth* of every ſentiment by *a ſtop-watch*‡) "the Author has ſaid little of this intellectual prodigy [Michael Angelo], of the bright Galileo," &c.—"And he might have done *more* than *merely* to mention the *name* of Americus Veſpucius."

What ſays "the Pennſylvanian?" Why, among other curſory remarks, which can only occupy the critical Reader, while he might pull out his *time-piece*, and *ſet it to the moment*.

'The Cathedral Church, remarkable for the first dome that was raised in Europe, after the decline of the Roman empire, was begun in 1294 by Arnolfo the disciple of Cimabue, and finished in 1445 by Brunellesco, the contemporary of *Michael Angelo*, *The Prince of Architects* is said to have complimented his Fellow Citizen, when he was himself employed in swelling the hemisphere of St. Peter's, in an Italian adage, *Come te non volo; meglio de te non posso* [I will not imitate thee, though I cannot excel]. But this unmerited flattery savours too little of the conscious superiority of genius, ever to have escaped the Painter of the Prophets and Sibyls of the *Capella Sistina*. The dome of *Santa Maria del fiore* (to most of the Cathedrals of Italy are dedicated to the Virgin) is nothing more than a vast and gloomy concave, dimly impressed with the innumerable figures of the Last Judgment—trembling before the dreaded Tribunal of final recompenses; while the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, inclosed below it from vulgar profanation, swarms alike with Equivocal Beatitudes, and Candidates for Purgatory. Behind the dingy altar is a marble *Pieta* [the mournful Mother weeping over the body of her Son] said to be the last work of *Michael Angelo*—at which time the superannuated sculptor was arrested by the hand of Death.'——'In the Church of Santa Croce, belonging to a covent of Benedictines, a Gothic edifice, erected by Arnolfo, in 129[illegible] are seen a number of interesting monuments; particularly those of *Galileo*—the precursor of Astronomical truth, and of *Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, who died at Rome in his 89th year, but was here interred by command of the Reigning Duke.'

"The Pennſylvanian," it is true, adds ſomething, in a note, about *the perſecution of Galileo by the Bigots of his Age*; and he begins a letter with mentioning *the birth-place of Americus Veſpucius, the Reputed Diſcoverer of the Weſtern Continent*: but as he preſently loſes ſight of that Hero in a "fulſome" effuſion to the memory of "one" Chriſtopher Columbus, the Reader will ſpare me the invidious taſk of "troubling" him with the repetition of ſuch unmeaning rhapſodies; which muſt be *particularly* diſguſting

† Goldsmith—Vicar of Wakefield---Sketches of High Life.

‡ Sterne---Cant of Criticism—Garrick's *unusual* pauses in the Soliloquy of Richard III.

to "an American." For as the Critic observes *(with unexampled nationality)* "our author is an *American*, and for that reason *troubles* his Countrymen with his Travels."

Lest the epithet "one," apparently so contemptuous, should be thought to be unfairly cited, from the Boston Inspector of *American* Productions, I think it prudent to give the expression *literally*. It occurs in speaking of the obscure Proprietor of Bush-Hill, and The Woodlands, two Mansion-Houses, whose turrets are not quite out of sight of *a town called* Philadelphia, one of which (like the chief seat of Earl Tilney, near London) is neglected by the tasteless owner for more favourite retreats; and the grounds of the other (like the Royal Gardens at Kew) are open to Visitors of genteel appearance from morning till night.

"The Work," says he, "is dedicated to *a Mr.* Hamilton, partly on account of his liberal application to Horticulture."

A Mr. Hamilton, as a body might say, in speaking of *such people*, as the QUINCYS and the CODDINGTONS of Massachusetts, the LIVINGSTONS and the VAN RENSELAERS of New York, the PINCKNEYS of Carolina, the CARROLS and the RANDOLPHS of Maryland and Virginia. Yet, if the Boston Reviewer had ever peeped into the History of Pennsylvania, he might have come across some of the chapters which make mention of *one* JAMES HAMILTON, who was twice Lieutenant Governor, in the last years of the Proprietaries. *This same* insignificant personage was, besides, the earliest patron of *a Mr. West* (another *Native of Pennsylvania)* of whom *possibly* the Reviewer may have heard—*as sometime* President of the Royal Academy; and if he ever turned over the frivolous Account of the Adventures of a Printer's Boy, with which *his Countryman* DR. FRANKLIN has "troubled" the world, he may perchance have stumbled upon the lucky accident by which *young Ben* got a birth in the ship's cabin, on his first voyage across the Atlantic. It was neither more *nor less* than the detention of *a certain* ANDREW HAMILTON (the father of *the aforesaid James*, and the grandfather of *the said Mister)*, for whose accommodation the cabin had been engaged, and stores provided, to which *Franklin (lucky dog!)* fell heir; as *the said Andrew* (being a lawyer of little note) was sent for, express, after the vessel had dropped down the river, to be retained in some trifling cause, then pending in Pennsylvania.

"Partly on account of his liberal application to Horticulture."

Novices in criticism may think this might have been, (at worst) a *venial* sin, in the estimation of a *professed Gatherer of flowers*: but the Boston Florist had never gathered any himself, in such a garden as The Woodlands, nor ever heard of any body else that had.—How should he? Since the Woodland Collection of Plants has not been more than thirty years in forming, and does not contain above three thousand varieties, at the most—whether the same be particularised by such vulgar "Indianisms," as squashes—and pumpkins—and *calabashes*; or ramified and graduated, *secundem artem*, by the "hotch-potch" nomenclature of Professor LINNÆUS, himself, into classes, genera, and species—*descript*, or *non-descript*, in the *hocus pocus* vocabulary of Scientific Classification*!

"We are now," says the Anthologist (on the author's arriving at Rome) "in the ancient Capital of the World, and seem for ever to have lost our Guide among Ruined Temples, and falling Monuments. We sometimes see him leaning against a tottering column, and sometimes catch him gliding through the broken arches of huge aqueducts; and so do we the lean and cold-blooded Priest, and the fat and sweltering Capuchin. Here again (continues the calm Reviewer) is the same *fulsome* inflation of the Writer's style, and, because his subject is more sublime, he thinks he must become more turgid. It will be too fatiguing to us, and too unintersting to our readers, to trace the heavy and Gothic feet of our author, through the solemn and dark ruins of Imperial Rome. We will not profane its deep gloom, and awful assemblage of stupendous objects, by here holding communion with him.

"Of St. Peter's he has said much, and much incorrectly. In his history of it he asserts that it was three hundred years in building; it was but a hundred and six.—Instead of its being begun in 1450, in the time of Pope Nicholas fifth, it was commenced under Julio second, in 1506," &c.

Now these are historical inaccuracies, which are not to be denied; for, although the foundation might have been laid by Nicholas V, the celebrated Restorer of Learning in Italy (as would, indeed, appear from Vasi's Itinerary of Rome) and modern Travellers may aver that the Sacristy was finished by the late Pope, Pius VI, yet the shell of the building was probably run up in little more than a century, as the sapient Critic (no doubt correctly) observes.

The Anthologist having vented his spleen in the foregoing placid remarks, it may be deemed somewhat superfluous in him to add:

"We must now confess that we have *no* sympathy in a *single* description of Mr. S. at Rome; and we can remain with him there no longer. He *evidently* has a soul, which can reflect *no brightness* in the full splendour of St. Peter's, and which can feel *no* melancholy in the fading glory of the Coliseum."

Upon this head I shall quote no examples from the Author (the Critic himself has quoted none). Indeed the fact must be so *manifest* to every impartial Reader (whether of *the original Review*, or of these my corroborative strictures) that it would be wasting time to exhibit proofs. Yet if any one should remain dissatisfied with the unbiassed testimony of the Anthologist, who no doubt (according to his bounden duty) has faithfully reported all the beauties *he* could find, I refer the curious to the first volume of the Letters in question—the historical and philological passages of the second volume having been passed over, by the judicious Critic, as unworthy of any notice or animadversion whatsoever†.

(To be concluded in our next.)

From Clavigero's History of Mexico.

The Gum-Elastic, called by the Mexicans Ollin or Olli, and by the Spaniards of that kingdom, Ulé, distils from the Olquahuit, which is a tree of moderate size; the trunk of which is smooth and yellowish, the leaves pretty large, the flowers white, and the fruit yellow and rather round, but angular; within which there are kernels as large as filberds, and white, and covered with a yellowish pellicle.—The kernel has a bitter taste, and the fruit always grows attached to the bark of the

* I say nothing of such elegant *Anglicisms* as toad-flax; or dead-nettle [the Antirrhinum Linaria, and Lamium album, of Linnæus] still less will I perplex my text with such unintelligible *double-meanings* as fly-trap, or Snap-dragon [the Dionæa Muscipula, and Antirrhinum majus, of the Schools.]

† For a similar instance of calm investigation and acute discernment, I refer the Reader to the opinions of that renowned Critic, Mr. JOHN DENNIS, in his Treatise upon the Life and Writings of Alexander Pope. "His precepts," says the Sage, "are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive; his expressions absurd; his numbers harsh and unmusical; his rhimes trivial and common. Instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have, but too often, obscurity and confusion." Of the Poem called Windsor Forest, saith the learned Critic: "It is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in imitation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham. The Author of it is obscure. He is ambiguous---affected---temerarious---barbarous."

tree. When the trunk is cut, the Ulé which diſtils from it is white, liquid and viſcous; then it becomes yellow, and laſtly of a leaden colour, which it always retains. Thoſe who gather it can model it to any form according to the uſe they put it to.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—Captain Lewis, of the ship Balize, arrived at Norfolk on the 5th instant, after a passage of 24 days from Cayenne. Capt. Lewis was embargoed from the 6th of January until the 19th of March, in consequence of a division consisting of a 74 gun ship, two frigates, and two brigs, which was expected from the coast of Africa; this division had sent four British ships into Cayenne. On the 24th March four French frigates and two brigs arrived at Cayenne from Cadiz, in consequence of which an embargo was laid, which continued until the 9th ult.—The frigates sailed the 7th April, their destination unknown.

GENERAL MIRANDA.—The Boston Gazette of last Thursday, contains the following paragraphs:—"A letter has been received in town from Barbadoes, dated 14th April, giving information, (via Trinidad,) that Miranda had effected a landing in the Spanish American province of Carracas: That he had taken the island of Marguirata—the town of Camana, on the sea-board—the town of Barcelona, on the river Neveri, in the interior—and was in full march for the capital of the colony, situated about 50 miles from the coast. Mr. Fitzwilliam acts as his secretary. The expedition sailed last from Curracoa

"The above information is confirmed by Capt. Risborough, who arrived here the 6th from Martinique. It appears that the American ship Leander was joined by some British cruizers; and that Miranda has proclaimed the independence of the province. This intelligence was brought to Martinique by a Danish vessel."

DOMESTIC.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Dreadful Fire.*—About eight o'clock on Friday evening the 9th inst. the wind blowing violently from the west and north-west, a FIRE burst forth from a wooden building, situated back of Dock-street, between the Bank of the United States and the Bank of Pennsylvania, and in a short time the whole range of buildings, on both sides of Relief-alley, from Dock-street to Carter's-alley, was enveloped in flames.

Every exertion that could prompt the zeal and activity of our citizens, was used on this occasion—and considering the violence of the wind, the narrowness of the alleys, and the many combustible materials, (being chiefly carpenter's shops) it is some consolation that the whole block was not entirely destroyed.

Such an awful scene has not been witnessed for many years in the city of Philadelphia—for two hours it appeared as if no human skill or exertion could check the destructive progress of the flames—they extended their sparks to a vast distance, and the attention of the citizens was called to many quarters—In Front-street, between Walnut and Chesnut-streets, the house occupied by Mr. Vallance was nearly destroyed by one of the combustible materials.

On such an occasion, requiring the utmost activity and exertion of every citizen willing to be useful, it might be expected that accidents would occur—but the most solemn and melancholy one we have to relate may be attributed to idle curiosity—on Saturday morning, a man and a boy were crushed to death by the falling in of one of the walls, a long time after the wooden part of the building had been entirely consumed.

Mr. Stone, who volunteered his assistance on the roof of one of the houses in Third-street, was so enveloped in the flames, that he with difficulty made his escape, and, we are informed, now lies very dangerously ill. Another person had his leg broke, by the falling of a ladder, and has been conveyed to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where every attention will be gratuitously paid, that humanity can dictate or require.

It is said that flakes of fire were carried by the wind quite across the Delaware to the Jersey shore, in such quantities as to render it necessary for the inhabitants there to keep the roofs of their houses wet.

It is remarkable that just fifteen years ago, Friday night, the same district of the city was laid in ashes by the most destructive fire which Philadelphia had ever experienced, and this is the third conflagration which has happened in the same spot in the month of May.

The number of houses damaged and destroyed amounted to upwards of thirty.

[*Poulson.*

WASHINGTON CITY, May 7.—The President of the United States yesterday left the city for Monticello.

It is with great pleasure we are enabled to state, that advices received from Mr. Munroe, of as late a date as March 14, are of a more favourable complexion relative to the amicable adjustment of our differences with Great-Britain, than any previously received.

We understand that the Spanish agents at Mobille have agreed that that city shall be a place of deposit for goods brought in vessels of citizens of the United States arriving there; and that goods having been so deposited may be carried either up the river or outwards.

We further learn that in consequence of the disturbed state of the frontier, a large portion of our army, amounting to about one thousand men, have been directed to station themselves at Fort Adams.

[*From a New-York paper.*]

MR. PRINTER,

If you think the following relation worthy of notice or any way likely to conduce to the benefit of our citizens, you will have the goodness to insert it in your Daily Advertiser.

A. H.

In compliance with the repeated request of several of my neighbours, as well as for the benefit of people in general, I take it upon me, thus publickly, to give a relation of a melancholy circumstance, which lately occurred in my family. On the afternoon of Saturday the 12th of April last, I called at the Fly market in order to buy some fish, at the same time brought home a small piece of the liver of a hallibut, of which I ate a part, and my children the remainder. Next morning I awoke in great distress; being attended with a sore throat and violent pain in my bones. My flesh somewhat swelled and universally inflamed, very far beyond any thing I ever saw or experienced in my life before. I had immediate recourse to a physician, who appeared to be well acquainted with the nature of my complaint; and said the fish had become poison by feeding upon the Copper banks. My distress (which was almost intolerable, and far beyond what I am able to describe) continued upon me without the least degree of intermission or abatement, for nearly the space of 24 hours: at which time both my pain and inflammation entirely abated; but was left in a very weak and feeble state—Thus I attribute the preservation of my life (in this instance) to the skill of the worthy Dr. J. Wilson. For death must inevitably have ensued, had not I obtained immediate relief. The inflammation was so severe that it has caused my skin entirely to peel off: so that I became a perfect sight to behold as well as an object of pity and distress. Three of my children were handled in the same manner, and relieved in the same way.

ABM. HART.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLIO came too late for insertion this week, we design him for our next.

COMPILER's biographical sketch is under consideration.

PRECISION's morsel is not *precise* enough for insertion.

The *froth* production of SALLY SOAPSUDS is not only destitute of merit, but rather provoking. She complains of being "infested with cockroaches" in her kitchen—as the best means of banishing them, we advise her *to write to them.*

Several selections have been received, all of which shall meet their merited attention.

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